11

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence places both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him, under suspicion of murder. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allson West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance and hears of strange doings in the house next door.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

As we turned the corner I glanced back. Half a block behind us Johnson was moving our way slowly. When he saw me he stopped and proceeded with great deliberation to light a cigar. By hurrying, however, he caught the car that we took, and stood unobtrusively on the rear platform. He looked fagged, and absent-mindedly paid our fares, to McKnight's delight.

"We will give him a run for his money," he declared, as the car moved countryward. "Conductor, let us off at the muddiest lane you can find."

At one o'clock, after a six-mile ramble, we entered a small country hotel. We had seen nothing of Johnson for a half hour. At that time he was a quarter of a mile behind us, and losing rapidly. Before we had finished our luncheon he staggered into the inn. One of his boots was under his arm, and his whole appearance was deplorable. He was coated with mud, streaked with perspiration, and he limped as he walked. He chose a table not far from us and ordered Scotch. Beyond touching his hat he paid no attention to us.

"I'm just getting my second wind," McKnight declared. "How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Six or eight miles more and we'll all enjoy our dinners." Johnson put down the glass he had raised to his lips without replying.

The fact was, however, that I was like Johnson. I was soft from my week's inaction, and I was pretty well done up. McKnight, who was a well-spring of vitality and high spirits, ordered a strange concoction, made of nearly everything in the bar, and sent it over to the detective, but Johnson refused it.

"I hate that kind of person," McKnight said pettishly. "Kind of a fellow that thinks you're going to poison his dog if you offer him a bone."

When we got to the car line, with Johnson a draggled and drooping tail to the kite, I was in better spirits. I had told McKnight the story of the three hours just after the wreck; I had not named the girl, of course; she had my promise of secrecy. But I told him everything else. It was a relief to have a fresh mind on it: I had puzzled so much over the incident at the farm-house, and the necklace in the gold bag, that I had lost perspective.

He had been interested, but inclined to be amused, until I came to the broken chain. Then he had whistled softly.

"But there are tons of fine gold chains made every year," he said. "Why in the world do you think that the—er—smeary piece came from that necklace?"

I had looked around. Johnson was far behind, scraping the mud off his feet with a piece of stick.

"I have the short end of the chain in the sealskin bag," I reminded him. "When I couldn't sleep this morning I thought I would settle it, one way or the other. It was hell to go along the way I had been doing. And—there's no doubt about it, Rich. It's the same chain."

We walked along in silence until we caught the car back to town.

"Well," he said finally, "you know the girl, of course, and I don't. But if you like her—and I think myself you're rather hard hit, old man—I wouldn't give a whoop about the chain in the gold purse. It's just one of the little coincidences that hang people now and then. And as for last night—if she's the kind of a girl you say she is, and you think she had anything to do with that, you—you're addled, that's all. You can depend on it, the lady of the empty house last week is the lady of last night. And yet your train acquaintance was in Altoona at that time."

Just before we got off the car, I reverted to the subject again. It was never far back in my mind.

"About the—young lady of the train, Rich," I said, with what I suppose was elaborate carelessness, "I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I am rather unlikely to see her again, but even if I do, I—I believe she is already 'bespoke,' or next thing to it."

He made no reply, but as I opened the door with my latch-key he stood looking up at me from the pavement with his quizzical smile.

"Love is like the measles," he orated. "The older you get it, the worse the attack."

Johnson did not appear again that day. A small man in a raincoat took his place. The next morning I made my initial trip to the office, the raincoat still on hand. I had a short conference with Miller, the district attorney, at 11. Bronson was under surveillance, he said, and any attempt to sell the notes to him would probably result in their recovery. In the meantime, as I knew, the Commonwealth had continued the case, in hope of such contingency.

At noon I left the office and took a veterinarian to see Candida, the injured pony. By one o'clock my first day's duties were performed, and a long Sahara of hot afternoon stretched ahead. McKnight, always glad to escape from the grind, suggested a vaudeville, and in sheer ennui I consented. I could neither ride, drive nor golf, and my own company bored me to distraction.

"Coolest place in town these days," he declared. "Electric fans, breezy songs, airy costumes. And there's Johnson just behind—the coolest proposition in Washington."

He gravely bought three tickets and presented the detective with one. Then we went in. Having lived a normal, busy life, the theater in the afternoon is to me about on a par with ice cream for breakfast. Up on the stage a very stout woman in short pink skirts, with a smile that McKnight declared looked like a slash in a roll of butter, was singing nasally, with a laborious kick at the end of each verse. Johnson, two rows ahead, went to sleep. McKnight prodded me with his elbow.

"Look at the first box to the right," he said, in a stage whisper. "I want you to come over at the end of this act."

It was the first time I had seen her since I put her in the cab at Baltimore. Outwardly I presume I was calm, for no one turned to stare at me, but every atom of me cried out at the sight of her. She was leaning, bent forward, lips slightly parted, gazing raptly at the Japanese conjurer who had replaced what McKnight disrespectfully called the Columns of Hercules. Compared with the draggled lady of the farm house, she was radiant.

For that first moment there was nothing but joy at the sight of her. McKnight's touch on my arm brought me back to reality.

"Come over and meet them," he said. "That's the cousin Miss West is visiting, Mrs. Dallas."

But I would not go. After he went I sat there alone, painfully conscious that I was being pointed out and stared at from the box. The abominable Japanese gave way to yet more atrocious performing dogs.

"How many offers of marriage will the young lady in the box have?" The dog stopped sagely at "none," and then pulled out a card that said eight. Wild shouts of glee by the audience. "The fools," I muttered.

After a little I glanced over. Mrs. Dallas was talking to McKnight, but she was looking straight at me. She was flushed, but more calm than I, and she did not bow. I fumbled for my hat, but the next moment I saw that they were going, and I sat still. When McKnight came back he was triumphant.

"I've made an engagement for you," he said. "Mrs. Dallas asked me to bring you to dinner to-night, and I said I knew you would fall all over yourself to go. You are requested to bring along the broken arm, and any other souvenirs of the wreck that you may possess."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I declared, struggling against my inclination. "I can't even tie my necktie, and I have to have my food cut for me."

"Oh, that's all right," he said easily. "I'll send Stogie over to fix you up, and Mrs. Dal knows all about the arm. I told her."

(Stogie is his Japanese factotum, so called because he is lean, a yellowish brown in color, and because he claims to have been shipped into this country in a box.)

The cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the dip of death, or the hundred-foot dive. Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE
IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER, TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH. TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose; in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Alison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

THE MAN IN LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR of THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER
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"And There's Johnson Just Behind, the Coolest Proposition in Washington."

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage behind us, back of the boxes. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key.

The final set was being struck, and no one paid any attention to us. Luckily they were similarly indifferent to a banging at the door I had locked, a banging which, I judged, signified Johnson.

"I guess we've broken up his interference," McKnight chuckled.

Stage hands were hurrying in every direction; pieces of the side wall of the last drawing room menaced us; a switchboard behind us was singing like a tea-kettle. Everywhere we stepped we were in somebody's way. At last we were across, confronting a man in his shirt sleeves, who by dots and dashes of profanity seemed to be directing the chaos.

"Well?" he said, wheeling on us. "What can I do for you?"

"I would like to ask," I replied, "if you have any idea just where the last cinematograph picture was taken."

"Broken board—picnickers—lake?"

"No. The Washington Flier."

He glanced at my bandaged arm.

"The announcement says two miles," McKnight put in, "but we should like to know whether it is railroad miles, automobile miles, or policeman miles."

"I am sorry I can't tell you," he replied, more civilly. "We get those pictures by contract. We don't take them ourselves."

"Where are the company's offices?"

"New York." He stepped forward and grasped a super by the shoulder. "What in blazes are you doing with that gold chair in a kitchen set? Take that piece of pink plush there and throw it over a soap box, if you have not got a kitchen chair."

I had not realized the extent of the shock, but now I dropped into a chair and wiped my forehead. The unexpected glimpse of Alison West followed almost immediately by the revelation of the picture, had left me limp and unnerved. McKnight was looking at his watch.

"He says the moving picture people have an office down-town. We can make it if we go on now."

So he called a cab, and we started at a gallop. There was no sign of the detective. "Upon my word," Richey said, "I feel lonely without him."

The people at the down-town office of the cinematograph company were very obliging. The picture had been taken, they said, at M———, just two miles beyond the scene of the wreck. It was not much, but it was something to work on. I decided not to go home, but to send McKnight's Jap for my clothes, and to dress at the Incubator. I was determined, if possible, to make my next day's investigations without Johnson. In the meantime, even if it was for the last time, I would see Her that night. I gave Stogie a note for Mrs. Klopton, and with my dinner clothes there came back the gold bag wrapped in tissue paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Dickens Wrote "Christmas Carol."

I noticed a statement in one of the papers recently that Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol" with the express object of reviving the popular interest in the Christmas season and its festivities. This is a pleasing fiction which had often been previously met with. The fact is that Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol" in the autumn of 1843 because he was short of money and in great need of $5,000. The most candid chapter in Forster's "Life" is the one (in the second volume) which relates the tale of Dickens' disappointment and despair when he received the "Carol" accounts, for instead of the $5,000 he "had set his heart and soul upon," the sum due to him was only $1,150. Dickens wrote: "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad." Dickens ultimately cleared $2,630 by the "Christmas Carol" on a sale of 15,000 copies.—London Truth.

Good Joke on Voter.

An amusing story is told of what happened to a pluralist voter in the 1900 election in England. He was a keen politician and believing that the vote he possessed in a distant constituency would be of value to his candidate engaged a special train to take him there. On entering the polling booth he found the engineer of the train at his heels. He then discovered that the engineer happened to be on the voting register of the same town and was taking the opportunity of his accidental presence there to record his vote—which was given for the other side.

Not Wanted In Calf.

Perhaps the intending purchaser who recently wrote a London bookseller: "Please forward me a copy of Tennyson, but please not one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian," intended to employ the volume only as a food for thought. — Christian Science Monthly.

REVIEW

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 23, 1910
Specially Arranged for This Paper

Golden Text—"And it came to pass, when the days were well nigh come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem, and sent messengers before his face."—Luke 9:51.

The first element of a good review is to make it a real review, a general view of the whole period which has been studied. In this case our review covers 13 lessons, from Lesson III. of the third quarter to Lesson III. of this quarter.

The second element is that the review be made attractive and interesting. And it can be so conducted both in the class and for the whole school as to become one of the most attractive and helpful sessions of the year.

The period covered by this review extends from the summer of A. D. 29 to April 4, A. D. 30; about nine months.

The place in the life of Christ is the last part of the great Galilean ministry; the whole of the Perean ministry in the country east of the Jordan; and the last four days of Christ's public ministry, in Jerusalem and vicinity.

The Map.—Trace on the map the movements of Jesus—Capernaum, Caesarea, Philippi, Galilee, Capernaum, Jerusalem, Galilee, Perea, Jericho, Bethany, Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

Picture Review. — Reproductions from photographs of great paintings, and of Biblical and historical places and events, (both in color and in black and white), are now so reasonable in price as to make them available for regular use in the class or Sunday school. It is a great help to the memory, if each class or each scholar makes a picture book of this part of the life of Christ. The best book for this purpose is one made for this object, of 140 pages, with a peculiar but simple back, which enables one to fill the book with pictures without at all distorting the covers, which are of heavy board covered with tasty paper. The text of Matthew's Gospel can be pasted in from some cheap edition of the Gospels, or, better, written in the words of the scholar.

Great interest can be added to the making of these volumes in various ways. They are ornamented with pen drawings. "For instance, the fact of Jesus working as a carpenter during his young manhood is happily illustrated by sketching a hammer, a jackknife, saw, or other carpenter's tools." Maps and charts and small pictures can be cut out of disused Quarterlies; illustrations can be preserved from magazines and newspapers; small cards can be obtained with beautifully arranged pressed flowers in various natural colors, from different parts of Palestine which Jesus has made sacred, two cents each, in packages of 25.

Another Form of Picture Review.—Mrs. Estelle M. Hurll, author of a capital volume on "The Life of Our Lord in Art," advocating the greater use of pictures in the Sunday school, says: "A successful teacher of a large Bible class in one of our churches, wishing to provide something usually instructive for Review Sunday, chose this plan: she procured a large number of photographs descriptive of the life of our Lord, placed them upon the walls and upon easels in the class room, until she had the whole story told in pictures. During the session no word from her was necessary, except a few simple explanations, while the pupils passed in silence from one picture to another, taking in its beauty and its lesson at the same time. "It was the most impressive service I ever attended," said one who was there, and the whole class echoed the same sentiment as they slowly left the church.

Traveling by Stereoscopic Pictures. —These are growing more popular, being used in day schools as well as in Sunday schools, because the pictures are incomparably better than those of a few years ago. They are such life-like representations of the places where our Lord lived and walked and taught, the figures and the scenes are brought out so clearly that it is almost the same as if we were actually traveling in the Holy Land. People are more and more waking up to the likeness of the experiences that may be gained in the stereoscope to those gained by viewing them on the spot.

There are 100 pictures of Palestine, in a leather case, with a book enclosing a map and a description of the tour through the Holy Land. Of course a selection can be made of the pictures. This can be made most useful for an evening meeting with the class. It would be well for each Sunday school to own a set of these.

The Topical Review.—Let the scholars go through the lessons during the previous week, some taking one class of subjects, and others another, if they are unable to examine all thoroughly.

I. Find all the statements that were applied to the life of the apostles.

II. Find those two which contain references to children.

III. Find those which refer to marriage feasts.

IV. Find those which are based on vineyards.

V. Tell the story of each of the parables.

VI. Tell the story of the triumphal entry.

VII. What do we learn about watching?

VIII. Note the references to Christ's suffering and death.

Now They Sleep Indoors.

George H. Beattie, jeweler in the old Arcade, and L. E. Ralston, auditor of the News, have jointly and severally decided that sleeping out in the open isn't all that it has been declared to be, says the Cleveland Leader. They were both in a deep snooze out at the Beattie farm, near Chagrin Falls, the other night, when a runaway team from the county fair city turned into the lane leading up to the Beattie estate and came along at full speed.

Sound asleep, but dreaming of impending danger, Ralston rolled out of his cot toward the north, and Beattie from his cot toward the south. The runaway horses dashed between the sleepers, oversetting everything in the way, but missing Beattie and Ralston by margins too narrow to be measured. Since that night Ralston has slept in his town house and Beattie has found shelter under the ample roof of his house on his big plantation.

A Question.

Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you musn't bother me.

Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (after a few minutes' silence) —Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.